

Thoughts from Larry:

Dad/Grandpa prayed for every one of his five children and spouses and all his grandchildren AND GREAT GRANDCHILDREN every day, individually, and treated everyone as equal regardless of our sins, faults or accomplishments. He just loved it when the grandkids and great grandkids came over and put a smile on his face even when he suffered so much with his bad back. A true prayer warrior. . . We will never know how often he might have prayed us through a situation and we did not know it. Welcome home a good and faithful servant.

Thoughts from Fred:

Dad was non-judgmental. He never reminded us kids of the mistakes or bad choices we might have made during the course of our lives. He only chose to remember the good in each of us. He was very quiet, and had little to say. But when he spoke, it was positive. Dad will be remembered for what he did, and not by what he said. He never had to tell people about the Saturdays he worked at Grace Youth Camp in preparation for its opening. Following a week of work, most people want their weekends for themselves. Dad believed in the future of camp ministries for young people. He wanted to do what he could to make that future possible. He understood that his gift was in construction and supervision, and that is what he did. Dad was not one to talk the talk; he truly walked the walk. – Fred.

Thoughts from Ken:

Carpenter's Level: I have a four-foot carpenter's level to remember dad by. It was in this condition when I took possession of it over 30 years ago, but I continue to use it often. I'm sure dad used this tool for many, many years too, so it might very well be as old as I am. The finish is worn, dented, scratched, and the glass over one of the bubbles is broken, but it still functions as well as the day it was made. One of the things I learned from working with my dad was to always do the best you can do. This level is a symbol of that passion. Till his last days, dad always did the best he could do in everything he did. Even though he was old, worn, dented, and broken in places, he still continued to function as his Creator intended.

Thoughts from Marilyn:

When I think of my Dad, I think of work, faith, and family. He worked construction for 62 years. Because at age 88, he put ceiling tile in his hospital room. After his stroke on Saturday afternoon, Jonelle stayed with him through that first night in the hospital. He was confused and agitated and was pulling the tubes out of his arms. Jonelle gave him a piece of plastic to hold to divert his attention away from the tubes. The stroke affected one of his eyes. Through the one eye he could still see out of, he was forced to stare

up the ceiling of his hospital room. He believed that that piece of plastic was a ceiling tile. Throughout that night, with garbled words he directed Jonelle how to count, cut, and hang the tiles, row after row, for hour after hour. He would close his eyes for a few minutes, and when he opened the good eye again, he would ask Jonelle if she had gotten that row done. Still confused and agitated, he then said they had another room next door to do. When Jonelle tried to tell him that they could stop because it was Sunday and that they don't work on Sunday, he snapped back "We're almost done."

Dad practiced his faith quietly. Over the years when I visited and went to church with Mom and Dad, I would get choked up watching Dad singing the old hymns and listening to the messages. I knew I would never forget seeing him in worship. He didn't know I was watching, and he wasn't trying to impress anyone or look spiritual. His faith was real. And that faith sustained him through decades of pain and later bouts of cancer. During his last two days when we brought him home to die at Jonelle's house, he was visibly comforted when a dozen or more family members spent time around his bed singing and reading Scripture.

He loved his family. For the last 48 hours of his life, members of his family were privileged to stay at his bedside in Jonelle's home day and night. At the end of his conscious moments, one of the last ideas that he comprehended was that he had three boys and two girls.

I love you Dad.

Thoughts from Jonelle:

When thinking about memories of my Dad, I immediately came up with two scenes from my childhood. One was shopping with Mom and Dad. Dad would stand at the entrance of the store while we shopped inside, He watched the people to pass the time and patiently waited for us while we shopped in the store. When we came out of the store with a bag, he would take the bag to hold for us while we moved on to the next store, and the next store, and the next.... He never told us to hurry. He just patiently waited, holding those bags.

The second scene that came to me was taking trips to Mr. Jim's Animal Kingdom on Division Ave. on some Saturdays. Dad would tell me early in the week that we were going to the pet store on the upcoming Saturday to buy frozen fish food and maybe a new fish. I would think about that excitedly throughout the week. After all, we were going all the way over to Division Ave. Those were special times with my Dad.

Dad. I don't want you to just remember that I love you. I want you to remember that I thank you.